

Great Reduction Sale

—OF—

Boys' Clothing.

11 all-wool Cassimere Gray Mixed Blouse Suits. \$2.25 value, \$1.69 suit.

Boucle Reefers, sizes 3 to 8, in Navy Blue, S. Brown and Green. Were \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3. To close, \$1.89.

Navy Blue Chinchilla Reefers, sizes 10 to 15. \$3 value. To close, \$1.98.

All-wool Navy Blue cloth Military Suits, sizes 5, 6, and 7. \$4.50 value. To close, \$3.39.

Your choice of a lot of fine Cassimere Suits. \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3 value. To close, \$1.99.

Boys' Clothing, 3rd Floor.

Lansburgh & Bro.
420, 422, 424, 426 Seventh St.

A Week of Bargains.

Christmas selling has played havoc in our stock. In almost every department we find broken lots and odd pieces. These we wish to dispose of at once, and to that end have reduced their prices to less than cost. This is a rare opportunity for you to get your money's worth. To begin the New Year with complete lines.

We Give You Credit Just the Same.

No matter how greatly prices may be reduced our usual offer of credit remains the same. Take what you want and then tell us how you can pay the bill. A little each week or month is all we ask. Not a penny is added for this privilege. There are no notes of interest.

All carpets made, lined, and laid free—no charge for waste in matching figures.

Grogan's
Mammoth Credit House.
817-819-821-823 7th St. N. W.
Between H and I.

PIANOS TO RENT.
E. F. DROOP & SONS,
225 PENNA. AVE. nos. 11-12

MURDER OUT AT LAST.

Connecticut Mystery of Thirty Years Solved by a Letter.

CANAN, Conn., Dec. 31.—A murder mystery of thirty years' standing was cleared up yesterday. It was "Fatty" Houlahan who killed "Big Mike" Houlahan and his nephew, Pat Ryan, away back in 1869, when the old Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad, now the Philadelphia, Reading and New England, was building.

While plowing up his land several months ago, Salmon Barlow unearthed two skeletons. One was of giant size, with massive bones and great teeth. The other was of average build.

"That's 'Big Mike,'" said an old-timer, when he saw them, "and the other is his nephew, Pat Ryan. There was a war a man in these parts as big as 'Big Mike.'"

Then the old story of the disappearance of the two men was told. They had been working as laborers on the railroad and had trouble with the rest of the gang. A fight had taken place one Saturday night, and "Big Mike" and his nephew had been killed.

The following Monday morning the two men were missing. Nothing more was heard of them, and though murder was suspected the guilt could not be fastened on any one. In a letter received today from Sam. Cal, the oldest son of a man who saw the killing and who twenty years after came face to face with the man who did it.

The letter was from Anthony Slattery. He was prompted to write by reading in a newspaper of the finding of the skeletons. Slattery wrote how "Big Mike" and his nephew were killed by "Fatty" Houlahan. The letter went on in bad English:

"In '89 I was on the Truckee Division of the K. C. & L. of Oregon, when I saw Fatty. He knew me, but I never let on about the killing of Big Mike till Fatty got smashed by a jumper getting loose on the base switchback. When I got to him he said: 'I am going over the divide all right this time, so get Father Doolley quick; for I killed Big Mike and I can't go to heaven till I get absolution!'"

The "Beaver Line" Title Contested.
London, Dec. 31.—The Liverpool correspondent of the Central News says that the Melvins are disputing with Elder, Dempster & Co. the right to use the title "Beaver Line." Each firm declares its intention to use the title and fly the Beaver flag on its steamers.

The Melvins entered that the title passed to them with the purchase of the vessels owned after Canadian lines. Elder, Dempster & Co. ignore this claim.

Prosperous Newport News.
Newport News, Va., Dec. 31.—From data available in the custom house here it is apparent that the exports from this port for the year 1898 will be in excess of those for 1897. For the first eleven months of the year there were 20,567,121 pounds of goods shipped from Newport News to foreign countries. In the same time 1,578,222 barrels of flour were exported and 25,000 head of cattle were shipped.

GAS STOVES.
For Cooking and Heating.
GAS APPLIANCE EXCHANGE,
124 New York Avenue.
ml-11-12

COLONEL ROOSEVELT LOCATED IN ALBANY

Guest of Governor Black at the Executive Mansion.

Consults With the Heads of the Various Departments.

Indications of Continued Trouble Between the Republican Factions—Platt's Influence.

Albany, Dec. 31.—Col. Roosevelt and his family were welcomed to the executive mansion by Governor and Mrs. Black just before 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and all Ketchikan residents at this end of the Hudson Valley had a flutter of pride at the coming of the first Dutch governor Albany has known in generations.

The outgoing governor and the incoming governor and their wives and children dined together last night, and today the mansion will be in full possession of the head of the new administration.

Col. Roosevelt's coming to Albany was characteristic of the man. Just before the southwestern limited train left the Grand Central Station there was a bustle at the door, and the colonel's baggage was being taken care of. Mrs. Roosevelt, five children, three nurses and a maid, and ahead of them was Amos Knapp, the governor's messenger, while a crowd of friends encircled the Roosevelt party, bidding them good-by. Mr. Knapp spent \$50 for railroad tickets and parlor car seats, and the crowd fell back while the travelers passed through the gate.

On the way up Col. Roosevelt talked with all who wanted to take advantage of his useless position, but every minute he was not taking he was reading magazines. The only long conversation the governor-elect had with Representative Seneca E. Payne, who was on his way home to Auburn.

Young Theodore Roosevelt attracted almost as much attention as his father. The young man was a Rough Rider's hat, to the brim of which he gave the regulation Rough Rider slant, but he was much engrossed with three guinea pigs, which he would permit no one but himself to transport to his home.

This is the young man who was seen playing with a large water snake just after his father's nomination, and who said to an offending newspaper correspondent who mentioned it in his paper the next day: "I am much displeased, sir, with the liberty you have taken with my name. I am not a candidate for office, but some time there may be something that I will give you permission to print." Young Theodore is not yet twelve.

There was a crowd to welcome the new governor to Albany, but the greeting did not impress him much. He was too busy shielding his children and the nurses from harm by his father's locomotives.

Gov. Black did not meet his guests. The party went at once to the executive mansion. Governor-elect Roosevelt said last night: "I have not a line of news to communicate, and have not talked about appointments since I left New York. There is nothing further about the superintendent of public works."

Col. Roosevelt is consulting with the heads of State departments today. They are reading over the proofs of his message, which will go to the legislature on Wednesday.

There are signs of a continuation of the war between the Platt and Black Republicans. Platt men are grabbing everything in sight. However, Tennant, chief clerk in the secretary of state's office, is to be displaced to make room for John McLaughlin, an Albany labor politician, who has been deputy commissioner of labor statistics. Tennant is chairman of the Schucherie committee, and with Senator Hobart Krum, supported Black in Saratoga. Senator Krum has dug up a Schucherie scandal and has gone to New York to show it to Platt.

Col. Andrew Davidson has also been displaced in the office of secretary of state. He is a Scotchman, and is to take place. Mongin has just been dropped from the office of superintendent of insurance. Payne because he supported Roosevelt. Col. Davidson has been made deputy State treasurer.

There are only a few of the signs of trouble between the Platt and Black men, and Col. Roosevelt is the only one not stirred up in the row. But the colonel is not without his troubles. They are telling a story here that Platt influences prevented Gen. Greene from accepting the position of superintendent of public works.

Col. Roosevelt took the oath of office as governor at 12:10 o'clock this afternoon.

GOING TO THE INAUGURATION.

Honors From the Hamilton Club to New York's New Governor.

Chicago, Dec. 31.—Thirty members of the Hamilton Club will leave Chicago tonight for Albany, N. Y., where Monday morning they will see Roosevelt inaugurate governor of the Empire State. Carefully tucked away in a cotton-lined box they will carry with them an inkstand of original design for presentation to the Rough Rider. This stand is made of bronze and is surmounted by a bust of Lincoln. The club will also present to the new governor a leather portfolio and an ivory paper knife. Governor-elect Roosevelt is an honorary member of the Hamilton Club.

FIRST VOLUME COMPLETE.

Typewritten Reproduction of Records of Register of Wills' Office.

The first volume of the reproduction by typewriter of the records of Office of the Register of Wills is complete, and is an excellent specimen of the work of the record typewriting machine. The work of reproducing the contents of the first volume of the record of the office was completed some time ago, under the immediate supervision of Register of Wills J. Nota McGill. The necessity for taking such steps to preserve the records of the office, which was becoming very much worn and indistinct from use and time, became apparent some time ago, and on a proper presentation of the matter to Congress, an appropriation was made to defray the expense of the work.

The reproduced volume is Will Book No. 1, the first entry made being an apprenticeship agreement between William Shiner and William Smith, to serve during minority in the learning of the trade of joiner and carpenter. The contract is dated April 15, 1801. The text is an authentic copy of the will of Gustavus Scott, recorded May 18, 1801.

The will of George Washington is also reproduced in the volume. The work of reproduction was done by the ladies employed in the Register's office, and is a splendid example of their accuracy as copyists and ability as typewriters.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy rubbed on the chest over the heart will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Henry Evans, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 285 F Street northwest, and Connecticut Avenue and 8 Street northwest, and 1245 Maryland Avenue northeast.

Dr. Blake's
LA GRIPPE TABLETS
Will cure that cold—C. ACKER & AFFLECK, 1429 P. ave., and all other druggists. de11-2m

Mayer Bros. & Co.

F NEAR TENTH ST. N. W.

COATS

...AT...

Really Your Own Prices.

Ladies' Coats, all sizes, one counter full conveniently arranged for your inspection, worth \$5 to \$29.50, at..... \$2.98

Fifty Ladies' Coats, for mer price \$10 to \$12, reduced to..... \$5.00

\$12 to \$18 Ladies' Coats for..... \$7.50

Ladies' Suits, silk-lined, all colors, \$10 and \$12 value, at..... \$5.00

Ladies' Suits worth \$15 to \$18 reduced to..... \$8.98

Broadened dress skirts, percale lined throughout, worth \$1.98, 99c at.....

Millinery Goods

Priced Lowest.

Trimmed French Felt All-pines, all colors, at..... 39c

Fancy feathers of every description, worth 25c to \$1, at..... 12 1/2c

Trimmed hats worth \$2.50 reduced to..... \$1.38

Trimmed hats worth \$3.50 reduced to..... \$1.98

Trimmed hats worth \$5 reduced to..... \$2.98

Trimmed hats worth \$5.00 to \$12 at.....

Mayer Bros. & Co.

937 and 939 F St. N. W.

PATRIOTIC WORK OF THE

LEGION OF LOYAL WOMEN

EFFORTS OF A YEAR SUMMED UP

Thousands of American Soldiers Materially Aided During the War With Spain.

The annual report of Mrs. Lizzie W. Calver, as president of the Legion of Loyal Women, for the past year, contains several items of general interest. The meetings were well attended throughout the year, and the interest in the work of the Legion was enthusiastic.

As a part of the usual work of the organization during last year, twenty-four families, embracing over 100 persons, were provided with necessary provisions; twelve families were supplied with Christmas dinners, and employment was secured for sixty-two persons. The total amount of money raised was \$1,000.00, and the total amount of material furnished was valued at over \$75.00. Many successful entertainments were given for the benefit of the relief fund.

At the breaking out of the war with Spain the Legion became an auxiliary of the Red Cross, and as such had many duties to perform. The hospitals at Camp Alger, Del. and Fort Mifflin, Pa., were provided with many needed delicacies, and reading matter was supplied to the camps and hospitals at these places, as well as to soldiers traveling through the city on trains.

On the 20th of May the Legion presented the First Regiment District of Columbia Volunteers with their regimental colors, and thereafter looked after the interests of the regiment wherever they were. On their return a temporary home was provided for the members of the regiment who had no homes in this vicinity during their furlough of sixty days, and 128 of the homeless boys were lodged, fed and provided with medical attendance and medicines.

As a part of the unusual work, 1,800 handkerchiefs, 200 mosquito nets, 18 1-2 dozen wash cloths, and 250 pajamas were made and 150 soldiers passing through the city were provided with lodging, meals and lunches to take with them on trains, and lunches were also supplied to needy soldiers on trains passing through the city.

The year was the most successful in the history of the Legion, and more than \$3,000 was expended for relief during Mrs. Calver's term of office as its president.

WORK OF THE GRIP.

Heads of Police and Fire Departments Confined to Their Homes.

Both the Police and the Fire Departments are severely crippled this week by grip. A number of men in each of these important branches of the District government are confined to their homes, and the workings of the departments are seriously injured thereby.

Major Sylvester, who has been confined to his bed almost the entire week, is much better, and is able to sit up. He expects to return to his desk in a few days.

Chief Parris, of the Fire Department, was allowed to go out of his house a short time yesterday, and he also expects to return to his work in a short time.

Assistant Chief Engineer Kurtz is not faring so well. Mr. Kurtz's condition was reported to headquarters this morning as very serious.

Marriage Licenses.
Marriage licenses were issued today to Edward Taylor McKinstry and Missie F. Cumberland; J. Carby and W. F. Ryan; George H. Chandler and Laura Hendricks; Mark Lowery and Nellie Kieley.

Piquet's Friends Remember Him.
Paris, Dec. 31.—Col. Piquet has received a great number of Christmas congratulations from his friends, and he has responded to them with a letter conveying words of sympathy and encouragement. He has spent some of the time during the week in reading Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, in the English language.

THE JANUARY MAGAZINES.

A Lesson of the War.

It is the first and greatest lesson of this war that good ships and guns are useless if there are not good officers, engineers and seamen to work the ships, and good gunners to lay the guns. Farragut's wise saying, that "the best defense against the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns," is triumphantly vindicated. It is an extraordinary fact that the Spanish government, while purchasing or building the ships, took no steps to train the men. Unlike the great navies of Europe—British, French, Russian, German, and Italian—the Spanish navy has neglected manœuvres in peace. We search in vain for any sign of that incessant drilling upon which which has made the American, British and French fleets so formidable.

Target practice, which in these three navies and the German has received the most possible attention, was almost overlooked. There are tales, true or untrue, that the ammunition issued to Spanish ships was never expended. Spanish vessels, however, presented a fine appearance at Kiel, Spithead and the Columbian harbor, but an imposing exterior is nothing in war. The neglect of battle training has terribly avenged itself.

The explanation of this neglect may be found in several directions—in national obstinacy, which imagined that the Spaniard was in courage the superior of every foreign navy; in naval war was a mere matter of luck and pluck; in corruption, which diverted from their proper aims votes for the navy; and in national poverty, which could not support the expense of an adequate fleet. It is a fairly obvious fact that five ships with trained crews are better than ten ships with untrained men. But the imbecile mismanagement of Spain gave her a further reason for defeat. Her rulers had not grasped even this truism—Harpers.

A College Not a Home for Incubators.
A college is not a home for incubators or a limbo for the dull and inefficient. Moreover, as a Western father observed to President Eliot, "It does not pay to spend \$2,000 on a two-dollar boy." Though a firm believer in college training as the supreme intellectual privilege of youth, I am convinced that the salvation of some young men lies in the practical purpose of this present world is in taking them out of college and giving them hard and inevitable hours in some office or factory.

I do not mean to say that a college belongs to the good scholars; for many a youth who stands low in his classes gets incalculable benefit from his college course. It is not the college that is the incubator; it is the youth who is the incubator. He is caught to go, the youth whose body and mind are wasting away in bad hours and bad company, and whose sense of truth grows dimmer and dimmer. He is the incubator of his own failure; yet it is precisely this youth who, through mere inertia, is hardest to move, who seems glued to the university, and whose relatives contend that, since he is no man's enemy but his own, he should be allowed to stay in college so long as he can pay his tuition fees.

As if a college were a public convenience wherein anybody that pays his fare may abide "unless personally obnoxious," or where a student may be as idle as a pig, may lie in bed and have all the good things sent up to him. No college—certainly no college with an elective system, which is the best of all—can afford to keep such a he. Nor can it afford to be kept. One of the first aims of college life is to increase of power, be he scholar or athlete, the sound undergraduate learns to meet difficulties; "stumbling-blocks," in the words of an admirable preacher, become "stepping-stones" to a higher life.

The slighted kindness that keeps in college (with its priceless opportunities for growth and its corresponding opportunities for degeneration) is the youth who is a student of his stumbling-blocks in the vague hope that by and by the authorities will have them carried away—Atlantic.

Col. Roosevelt's Characterization of Gen. Leonard Wood.
There was only one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the Navy hospital, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in Gen. Miles' inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that coveted of distinctions—the medal of honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be a legend; and such a capacity for three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the war he was made chief of staff of the army, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to be combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man who scorned to do anything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtues can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was a chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention—Scribner's.

In the Engine Room of the U. S. Cruiser New York During Action.
A source of annoyance and discomfort in action was powder smoke that the ventilators discharged into the engine and fire rooms in great quantities. It made one's eyes smart and induced coughing. It was distressing, the evil being worse below than at the guns, where the wind drove the smoke away. When finally dissipated it left a soapy sediment over everything, making a general cleaning-up necessary.

The reports of guns, particularly those near the main engine room, were loud and painful in the engine rooms, the sharp crack of the smaller ones being more ear-splitting than the duller roar of the large guns.

Concussion from such firing of the guns brought an element of anxiety and some danger into the engine rooms. Glass in boiler and billboards would be broken and tumble down through the gratings over the engines, accompanied with hard chunks of putty and red lead, dislodged from cracks and holes. Long-lost tools and material were blown about and brought to light by the falling of chisels, files, bolts, nuts and other things that had been stowed neatly out of sight on angle irons and cotter pins, and the trouble of returning them to the tool room. Some of these objects were heavy enough to be dangerous, but the chief anxiety caused by them was the possibility that something might fall upon a vulnerable point in the machinery. As small a thing as a half-inch bolt or a screwdriver might produce a fatal breakdown at a critical moment by getting jammed with the eccentrics or crank-pin connections.

Experience showed that the gun, as well as the ram and the torpedo, may find the engineer at his post. A piece from a shell that struck the New York and exploded on the level of the boat bridge came down the main engine room ventilator and fell at the feet of the writer, several splinters from a boat destroyed by the shell coming with it. No personal danger attended the incident, as the fragment was not larger than a walnut and fell by gravity, its energy having been expended by hitting obstructions on deck before it penetrated the ventilator. It showed, however, that armor gratings are not perfect protection against bursting shells. There are similar experiences on other armored ships. In one case—on board the Brooklyn—a chief machinist in the engine room was hit by a piece of copper rotating band from a shell that exploded above the protective grating—Casella's.

Webster.
No one can forget the scene when Webster stepped into the arena in battle array. His majestic presence, his grand physique, his cavernous eyes, his comorous voice, his stately gesture, his grand physical, would at once attract a stranger's gaze. Calm, strong, self-poised, he always reminded me of a line-of-battle ship swinging sluggishly at her anchor, her ports all closed, and no sign of life about her dark and massive hull.

But when a seventy-four bore down upon her and poured in a broadside, instantly the drum beat to quarters, the ports were opened, the guns run out, and a weight of metal thrown with a power and precision which was irresistible. It was the champion selected to meet Calhoun and batter down his doctrine of State rights.

His speech was complete in every element, logical, logical, and more. It exhausted the argument, and justified the eulogy of Stephens, that "it was the habit of Daniel Webster to say everything that came into his mind, and to say it better than anybody else. He possessed unquestionably a 'nationality of soul,' and he availed himself of his opportunity."

The sentiment rose above the region of party, and reached, or seemed to reach, the atmosphere of pure patriotism. It is an advantage which the champion of the majority always wears, and it was the chief of the audience with him, even to an outburst of applause. The Southern doctrine was overthrown; the cause of state rights lay prostrate in the dust, and the national champion (to speak) rode around the lists, bearing the consolidation banner triumphantly in his hand—Lippincott's.

Col. Waring's Work for New York City.
Waring was not a distinctively imaginative writer; he dealt with facts; and yet to write well even of facts one must have some of the imagination. In his practical work there was also a sort of creative imagination which was the basis of his greatest successes. In his dealing with so common-place a piece of work as the cleaning of the streets of a big city, the faculty of imagination—this prophetic grasp of future possibilities, which very successful business men are apt to possess—was his high degree.

The great work he was doing for the city of New York, at the head of the street cleaning department, was only just begun—for he had far-reaching plans concerning the profitable disposition of garbage and concerning other matters of vital importance to the people—when the government of the city, by the vote of a minority of its citizens, passed into the hands of a political organization conducted primarily for the support or enrichment of its own members. In the face of all Waring had done for New York, he was promptly and ruthlessly turned out of office. If we should hear of such management of municipal affairs in the city of Madrid, we should probably describe it as characteristically "Spanish." As a matter of fact, we regret to say that the proceeding was characteristically "American."

Which is to say, that the best sense for it was only one more conspicuous instance of that spoils system against which is arrayed today the conscience of the entire country.

The name of Waring will be always gratefully remembered in the metropolis, not only for the actual work for the first time properly performed by him; it will be remembered that he is a short country for the object-lesson thus given by him of honest, thorough and brilliantly successful municipal administration. Nor will he be forgotten in connection with his last, unfinished undertaking, the sanitary redemption of Havana—a work of the highest necessity, which in his loss has been proved so costly to the nation—Century.

"Big Jack," the Express Horse.
I wonder how many of the little people in New York City who read this magazine have ever heard of "Big Jack." Many, I fancy, and yet "Big Jack" is quite an important character, and holds a very responsible position, which he fills with much dignity as well as credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers.

His headquarters are on Broadway and Twenty-second Street, where he can usually be found at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour off and on, until about 5 p. m. In the intervals his great body is employed in various parts of the city, but, being extremely methodical in his habits, he is usually at his office about lunch time.

You may be somewhat surprised to learn that he is strictly a vegetarian, confining his diet solely to cereals or fruit, with occasionally a few pounds of sugar. He should have been a Scotchman, judging by his fondness for oats, but he was born, I am told, in our own country.

Possibly his love for oats may account for his beautiful complexion, which is snowy white, with just a suggestion of pink showing through and telling of the warm, rich blood flowing underneath.

I first became acquainted with Jack about five years ago. Indeed, I must confess that we became acquainted at a time when I was in a very peculiar position. I was standing with my little daughter upon the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, waiting for an up-town car, when a horse and carriage were being very closely regarded by a pair of unusually large and extremely beautiful brown eyes—which were very eloquent in their expression. I saw that the words could have done: "I am very favorably impressed with that little girl and I would like to know her. Will she speak to me?"

I called the little girl's attention to the big eyes looking at her so steadfastly, and, do you know, I believe she understood their language even better than I did, and yet I believe myself that I am pretty good interpreter of such glances. At any rate, she walked straight up to their owner and said: "Why do you look so queer? I don't know you, but I know I keep loads of sugar in my pocket to give to great, big lovely horses like you!"

Slowly a great white head like most intelligent eyes I have ever seen was lowered to a level with the little girl's face, and two or three queer sidling steps taken to bring it closer to the outstretched arms. The owner seemed to realize that those little arms never gave any save the tenderest caresses, and he was very glad to feel one circle around his huge, soft neck, while the other carried a small hand to stroke a very silky mane. And big, indeed, he is—a giant of his kind—St. Nicholas.

New Fire Regulation.
By direction of the Commissioner, the attorney for the District, S. T. Thomas, has prepared a meeting of the committee on legal education and admission to the bar of the National Bar Association, which will meet on Monday.

Wagon and Car Collision.
A collision occurred early this morning at the corner of Fourth and half and I streets southwest, between a two-horse wagon, driven by J. E. Shigan, and a car on the Metropolitan Railroad. The pole of the wagon was broken, and the driver was thrown from his seat and slightly injured. No damage was done to the car.

Secured a License in Baltimore.
A marriage license was issued by the clerk of the court of common pleas in Baltimore yesterday to William Williams and Emma Detkley, both of this city.

against bursting shells. There are similar experiences on other armored ships. In one case—on board the Brooklyn—a chief machinist in the engine room was hit by a piece of copper rotating band from a shell that exploded above the protective grating—Casella's.

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"Big Jack," the Express Horse.
I wonder how many of the little people in New York City who read this magazine have ever heard of "Big Jack." Many, I fancy, and yet "Big Jack" is quite an important character, and holds a very responsible position, which he fills with much dignity as well as credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers.

His headquarters are on Broadway and Twenty-second Street, where he can usually be found at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour off and on, until about 5 p. m. In the intervals his great body is employed in various parts of the city, but, being extremely methodical in his habits, he is usually at his office about lunch time.

You may be somewhat surprised to learn that